

# What's In a Name?

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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Just ahead of her Barbara King caught sight of Bertram Mathews. Thanking her lucky stars that he had not caught sight of her first, she darted through the wide open doors of the library building and rested for a few minutes against one of the large marble columns in the lobby.

After she had given Mathews plenty of time to pass she ventured to the door and reconnoitered cautiously. Heavens! He had turned around and was coming straight toward the library! Barbara bounded up the stairs like an antelope and disappeared.

With no apparent signs of haste or purpose Bertram Mathews followed her lead. At the top of the broad flight of stairs, however, he came to a standstill and leisurely scanned the long, empty corridor.

As there was nothing to indicate which way the golden haired vision had fled, he started on a lazy stroll through the maze of special reading rooms, sure of finding her somewhere.

It was clever of him, he mused, to have crossed Barbara's trail without her knowing it. He smiled at the thought of her blushing surprise when he should unexpectedly stumble upon her. What would she have to say to him?

He was aware that he was deliberately forcing Barbara's answer after yielding to her entreaty for an interregnum of courtship which would terminate only by strictly accidental meeting. But it had been two whole weeks since he last proposed to Barbara, and human restraint has its limitations.

Barbara didn't blush, however, nor was she the least surprised when Bertram at last discovered her in the secluded nook reserved for legal reference. So absorbed was she in reading a popular fiction magazine that his presence failed to establish that telepathic communication proverbially supposed to exist between lovers.

Bertram, his eyes dancing mischievously, tiptoed daintily near her and then passed out to the catalogue files. Lifting down the drawer labeled "Ba," he ran his fingers rapidly over the cards until he found two titles that evidently suited him.

With punctilious deliberation he copied these on a little printed slip and after filling in the blank spaces prepared for the reader's name and seat number handed it in at the delivery desk and waited developments.

Before long a small, freckle faced page in brass buttoned uniform tripped by him toward the legal reference room, one small book under his arm. Bertram followed at safe distance.

"One of 'em's out, miss," announced the page, indicating with a grimy finger a canceled title on the slip of paper which he handed Barbara.

"Why Men Remain Bachelors," read Barbara aloud solemnly, and beneath it, "Bachelor's Guide to Matrimony." "But I didn't order either of them," she informed the page indifferently. "There's some mistake."

"Ain't that your name and number, miss?" he had the impertinence to ask her.

Barbara examined the slip more closely. "B. Mathews," it read, "seat 15, legal reference room." She glanced about suspiciously. There was only one other occupant, and that was not "B. Mathews."

"Well, is it or ain't it?" demanded the page, his tone suggestive of a dangerously overwrought forbearance.

"Is what?" asked Barbara vaguely.

"Well, by thunder!" ejaculated the diminutive government official. "Dont-eh-er know yer own name?"

Let Barbara was too much in earnest to detect it.

"You deliberately ran away from me, Barbara. Was that playing fair?" questioned Bertram.

"But I couldn't tell you—I mean we couldn't talk it over out there on the street. It would have been so unromantic and—and such a stupid anticlimax."

Whatever Bertram had on the tip of his tongue to reply was momentarily checked by the passing in and out of an unsympathetic group of curious sightseers.

To bridge over the interruption Barbara pretended to be absorbed in watching the glow of the sunset.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" she asked dreamily as soon as they were alone again.

"Glorious!" answered Bertram fervently, his gaze never leaving the sun flecked waves of her hair.

"But you can't see it, silly. Turn around."

As he didn't turn, Barbara faced about to learn the reason and, catching his look of undisguised adoration, lowered her eyes before it, her self possession utterly vanquished.

"Oh, sweet, tantalizing Barbara King," he pleaded, "am I never to know if you really love me? Won't you give me some little bit of hope to warm the cockles of my heart?"

For answer Barbara suddenly surrendered into his keeping the telltale magazine, which up to this time she had guarded jealously from him.

"Is that enough?" she asked him meekly.

Whereupon in that apparently deserted little reading room "no conversation above a whisper" broke the stillness for some time on. At length a door slammed to, and the ominous click of a key followed.

"Oh, we're locked in!" gasped Barbara, rushing to the door and rattling the knob excitedly. "Why, whoever would have guessed it was near closing time?"

"Not I," admitted Bertram, with shameless candor. "Here, let me have a try at that knob."

"Hold on!" yelled an exasperated voice on the other side. "I'll let yer out if yer'll give me a chance. Who is thunders it, anyhow?"

"Barbara Mathews," called Barbara promptly through the keyhole. "I mean," she corrected hastily, while Bertram laughed at her mischance, "it's Barbara King."

When the door finally swung open it revealed a very disgusted young person composed chiefly of freckles and big brass buttons.

"Well, I'll be blowed," he exclaimed in astonishment, "if it ain't the same one, and she don't know her own name yet. Ain't that the limit?"

**A Lawyer's Somersault.**

Speaking of somersaults, the anecdote which Lord Eldon related of the eminent English lawyer John Dunning, afterward Lord Ashburton, will bear repeating. "I had," says Lord Eldon, "very early after I was called to the bar a brief as junior to Mr. Dunning. He began the argument and appeared to me to be reasoning very powerfully against our client. Waiting till I was quite convinced that he had mistaken for what party he was retained, I then touched his arm, and upon his turning his head toward me I whispered to him that he must have misunderstood by whom he was employed, as he was reasoning against our client."

"He gave me a very rough and rude reprimand for not having sooner set him right and then proceeded to state that what he had addressed to the court was all that could be stated against his client and that he had put the case as unfavorably as it were possible in order that the court might see how very satisfactorily the case against him could be answered and accordingly very powerfully answered what he had before stated."

**Badly Confused.**

Lord Bramwell, says the biographer of that jurist, used to tell a story illustrating the complete paralysis which may affect the human mind at trying moments.

One day when he was on board a Rhine steambot he noticed a lady, evidently in great distress, trying to explain to the officials some matter of importance. Fancying that she was a countrywoman of his own, he asked:

"Do you speak English?"

The poor lady had really lost her head, and she could only stammer out, "Un peu—that is, a little."

Then Lord Bramwell continued the conversation in French, but it became evident that the lady understood scarcely a word. German and Italian gave equally bad results. Finally she muttered audibly to herself:

"How I wish I were safe at home!"

"But surely you do speak English!" exclaimed the baron.

"I can't speak anything else," she sobbed. "That's what makes me so helpless among these foreigners."

**Kean's Funny Slip.**

Charles Kean was a very nervous man, easily upset by any mistake, and one night when playing Hamlet he came to the passage:

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,  
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face,  
Tweaks me by the nose?

Getting rather flustered for some reason or other, he rendered it thus:

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,  
Plucks off my beard, tweaks me by the nose  
And blows it in my face?

The contretemps completely paralyzed Kean, who amid shouts of laughter from the audience signaled for the curtain to be lowered at once.—Cleveland Leader.

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## BIDS REQUESTED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that sealed bids will be received until 4 o'clock p. m., October 1, 1908, by The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company for the salvage of the wrecked vessel "Minnie E. Kelton." Bids for the hull and cargo should be made separately.

Said wrecked vessel is now lying at the east end of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company's dock in said City of Astoria, where it can be viewed by prospective bidders upon application to the agent, George W. Roberts.

Cargo and vessel will be sold to the highest bidder, cash in hand; cargo consisting of lumber and shingles; hull consisting of the wrecked vessel, machinery and appurtenances thereto. Bidders are requested to name price, cash in hand, at which they will purchase said property. A reasonable amount of time will be allowed for the unloading of the cargo of said wrecked vessel in case cargo and hull are sold to separate bidders.

All bids must be sealed and all communications addressed to George W. Roberts, Agent of The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, Astoria, Oregon, who hereby reserves the right to reject any and all bids that may be received by him.

Dated this 25th of September, 1908. Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. By G. W. Roberts, Agent. 9-26-10-1

BIDS REQUESTED FOR TWENTY million gallon reservoir. Sealed proposals for furnishing materials, and constructing a twenty million-gallon reservoir, in whole, and in sections, will be received until 12 o'clock noon Friday, October 2, 1908, at office of the Water Commission, City Hall, Astoria Oregon. Plans and specifications may be seen, and blank forms of proposals obtained at said office. Certified check in the sum of not less than 10 per cent of the amount bid on each contract must accompany bids. Right to reject any and all bids is reserved. City Water Commission, by G. W. Lounsbury, Clerk. 9-15-10

## ASSESSOR'S NOTICE.

ASSESSOR'S NOTICE—(EQUALIZATION OF 1908 Assessment). To the Taxpayers of Clatsop County, Oregon: Notice is hereby that the Board of Equalization for Clatsop County, Oregon, will convene at the Clerk's office at the Court House in Astoria on the 19th day of October, 1908, the same being the third Monday in said month and the time fixed by law for the meeting of said Board of Equalization, which will continue its sessions from day to day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, until the examination and correction and equalization of the assessment rolls for said year shall be completed which said Board will continue in session for one month from said date, unless the labors thereof are sooner completed. Petitions or applications for the reduction of a particular assessment shall be made in writing, verified by the oath to the applicant or his attorney and filed with the Board during the first week it is required by law to be in session, and any petition or application not so made, verified and filed shall not be considered or acted upon by the Board.

T. S. CORNELIUS, Assessor for Clatsop County, Ore.

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